

The Mirror

OF

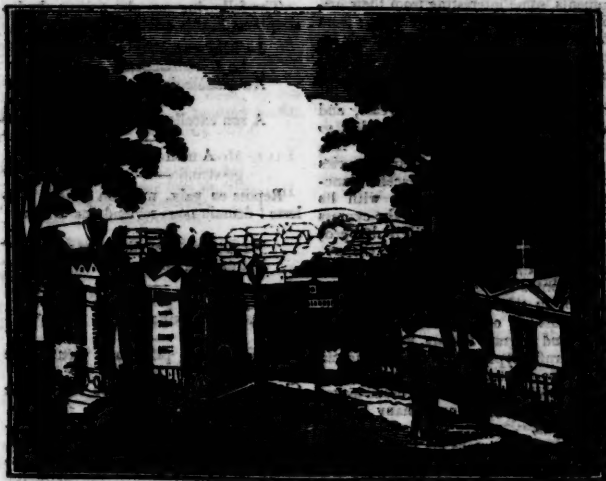
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXII.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.]

Cemetery of Père la Chaise.



THE cemetery of Père la Chaise, of which the above engraving presents a view, at once correct and striking, is one of the most interesting places that a person going to France can visit. Indeed, nothing can be more striking and affecting to the imagination. It is only sufficient to go there, to be convinced how true the affection which the mothers, sons, and sisters of France, have for each other. How simple, and yet how tender, the inscriptions upon the tombs! There the sister goes to renew the tender recollection of her sister, and a son to place a garland over the grave of his mother. With the English, the dead are scarcely ever visited, and seldom remembered; but it is not so with the French, who do not think it inconsistent to mix the kindest feelings to their relations with the sociability of a larger circle.

Some persons are of opinion that church-yards are the only proper places for christian burial; on the contrary, the origin of their use in England for that purpose is not of earlier date than the year 760; and agreeably to the old Roman Law of the Twelve Tables, the place

of inhumation was ordered to be not within the city, but without its walls. Certainly ground destined for sepulture should, according to the laws of the church, be duly consecrated; and when this is the case, it is perfectly immaterial whether it is attached to a church or separated from it; indeed, many of the church-yards in London are at a distance from a church, and it would, perhaps, be well if they were all out of the metropolis, since, as Lord Stowell well observed in one of his learned and elaborate decisions, "They cannot be made commensurate to the demands of a large and increasing population: the period of decay and dissolution does not arrive fast enough in the accustomed mode of depositing bodies in the earth, to evacuate the ground for the use of the succeeding claimants."

Indeed, most of these cemeteries are narrow, close, filthy, and almost insupportable; and though new crypts have been formed in building the new churches, yet for the most part no monuments can be raised in the burial-grounds, nor even be affixed to the walls of the sacred edifices.

Not so the cemetery of Père la Chaise,

a chosen spot just without the walls of Paris, where the ashes of Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, rich and poor, repose in charitable vicinity. The circumference of the burial ground is upwards of two miles. The ground is laid out with taste and elegance, diversified in position, beautified with shrubs and flowers, and appropriately adorned with monuments, some interesting from their historical recollections, some touching from the simplicity and tenderness of their inscriptions; but all neat, decent, and appropriate to the solemnity of the scene.

The number of tombs has greatly increased during the last few years, and fashion and ostentation which play so many tricks on the busy stage of life, intrude their follies and their fripperies even into this quiet and peaceful sanctuary; and the modest stone with its emblematic cross, over which the cypress mourned and the willow fondly drooped, has given place to the obelisk, the pyramid, and the temple.

The tombs and graves in the cemetery are kept in the highest order and repair, and almost all of them are planted with shrubs and fragrant flowers, interspersed with the mournful cypress and yew: the acacia tree is also planted in great abundance, and the wild vine spreads its broad leaves and graceful clusters over many of the monuments.

Many of the tombs are interesting on account of the celebrity of the persons they commemorate, and others for the beauty and simplicity of their inscriptions. Of the former class, the tomb of the poet Delille, which is situated in the higher part of the ground under the shade of a bower of linden trees, is one of the most interesting. Those of Molière, La Fontaine, Eloise, and Abelard, Madame Cotton, Marshals Massena and Ney,* with many others of characters highly distinguished, as well worthy of notice.

As a specimen of the affecting brevity and pathetic simplicity of the inscriptions on tombs in this burial ground we may instance the following. The first is on the monument of a man who died in the prime of life.

A la memoire de mon meilleur ami.
C' étoit mon frère.

On another:

Ci git P. N., son épouse perd en lui le plus tendre de ses amis, et ses enfans un modèle de vertu.

A little crown of artificial orange blossoms, half blown, was in a glass case at the head of the tablet.

* For a view and description of the tomb of Marshal Ney; see the MIRROR, No. 40.

And upon a tomb raised by the parents to the memory of a child.

Ci git notre fils chéri.

The following is a touching epitaph on a young girl:—

A sa famille
Elle apporta le bonheur;
Il s'enfuit avec elle!

The following are also among the inscriptions in this celebrated spot:—

Le Malheur, l'Amour,
La Reconnaissance,
Au modèle de toutes les vertus,
Delice,
A son excellente Zéphirine.

A mon Théodore.

Repose en paix, ma bien aimée. Ce-
leste! demain nous reviendrons te voir.

Tu reposes mon fils, et ta mère
Est dans la douleur!

A notre bon père
Des fils reconnaissans.

A peine cinq printemps vécut notre
Pauline,
C' étoit le gage heureux de l'hymen le
plus doux,
Chacun aimait son air et sa grace enfan-
tine—
Ah! de notre bonheur le destin fut je-
loux!

Many garlands of fresh and sweet flowers are hung upon the graves, and every thing marks the existence of tender remembrance and regret; it appears as if in this place alone the dead are never forgotten.

Struck with the contrast which our city church-yards present to the burial-ground of the *Père la Chaise*, some individuals have projected a scheme for a receptacle of the dead on a large scale in the vicinity of London. They propose to give it the name of the *Newopolis*, or "City of the Dead;" and mean that it shall be laid out in a style, which for solemnity, taste, and magnificence, may surpass any thing yet undertaken. To what expense do not our opulent individuals often go to erect in their domains some monumental record of a friend, perhaps even of a faithful dog, on the banks of a limpid rivulet, near a grove overhung with weeping willows or shadowed by the mournful cypress!—And would they not much rather adorn a spot of consecrated ground, which might always be kept neat and clean, well watched and guarded against violent intrusion, and resorted to by those only

whose sentiments were in unison with the melancholy sanctity of the place?—The taste for gardening and for every thing rural is proverbially prevalent among the English; and those who may chance to visit a country church-yard "under the shade of melancholy boughs," looking forth upon the richness and beauty of an extensive landscape, can scarcely fail to breathe a wish that they themselves may repose hereafter amid such still and tranquil scenery.

We cannot, perhaps, better close this article than with the following poem on the cemetery of Pere la Chaise, by the late Mr. David Carey, who died in the vigour of age and talent:—

When, like the fleeting forms that fled
In youth's fair morning from the view,
We sink on death's unequalled bed,
And bid to life and love adieu.

If aught that once with influence kind
Could chase the mists of sorrow's gloom,
Can please the disembodied mind,
And shed a pleasure o'er the tomb.

'Tis when with sympathizing care
Affection rears the votive bower,
And weeping Pity's daughters fair
Trite the lone monumental flower.

As in the precincts of La Chaise,
The hands of beauty sown the wreath
That spreads the bloom of vernal days
O'er the cold sanctuary of death.

If aught of consolation sweet
Can mingle with the cup of woe,
When, far from each beloved retreat,
Fate lays the hapless stranger low;

'Tis that his ashes may repose
In peace, where those we love are laid,
Where death has never pale the rose,
And tears of piety are shed.

How sweet to him, when passion's past,
Whose vows were paid at beauty's shrine,
To sleep where Abelard at last,
And his lov'd Heloise entwined.

How sweet to those whose generous breast
Was form'd in nature's school to feel,
In the Elysium of the blest,
To sleep with virtue and Delille!

And such thy scene of lasting sleep,
So tranquil and so hallow'd now,
La Chaise! where once in vengeance deep
Dark persecution breath'd his vow.

Where superstition banish'd far
Sweet love and mercy from the ground,
Benignant pity's milder star
A holier feeling spreads around.

Here oft o'er lost affections' bier,
The mother and the lover bend,
To droop with many a flower and tear
The cherish'd child, the parted friend.

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Here, side by side, in flowery groves,
The Russian and the Spaniard lie,
And peace immortal olive waves
O'er warring nations' enmity.

Then mourn not, stranger, though thy doom
Be sorrow's lot, and brief thy days—
If joy can penetrate the tomb,
Then 't is and it here—in Pere la Chaise!

Danish Popular Stories.

(Translated for the Mirror.)

No. II.

THE SECRET BANDIT.

THERE lived formerly in Denmark a wealthy noble, who had an only child, a fair daughter. The maiden lacked not suitors, both for her beauty and amiable qualities, and for the lands she would one day inherit; but among them all she selected one who was distinguished by his handsome person and gallant bearing, nor less so for his apparent riches, although he was a stranger in those parts, and no one could tell where lay his possessions, or whence he came. In short, the day was fixed for their betrothment, upon which occasion a magnificent entertainment was to be given by the nobleman.

It chanced, however, that on the preceding eve the maiden walked out, unaccompanied by any attendant; and ere she was aware of the distance she had wandered, had lost herself in the intricacies of a deep wood. At length meeting with what seemed to be a path, she pursued the track, but found that it conducted to a dismal cavern, that extended for some way beneath the ground. Struck with wonder at its romantic appearance, she determined to explore it; and advancing onward, soon discovered a spacious vault, that had every appearance of being inhabited, and that, too, not by a hermit or religious recluse, but by one who had a taste for wealth and luxury. She next proceeded into an inner chamber, where she saw a shining heap of gold and silver, which, on examination, she found to consist of richly chased goblets and other costly vessels, and gold coin. Continuing her search, she came to a third chamber, where, to her exceeding dismay and horror, she beheld the remains of human carcasses, dead men's bones, and hideous skulls. She was now certain that she was in a retreat of robbers and murderers, and was about to make her escape as quickly as possible, when the sound of approaching footsteps warned her to conceal herself instantly behind a kind of projecting pillar at the extremity of this chamber of death. Hardly had she screened herself

before a robber entered, bearing in his arms the dead body of a lady richly attired, from which he began to strip the jewels and valuable ornaments. While the barbarian was thus employed, the maiden caught a glimpse of his features, and a cry of horror nearly escaped her lips, as she discovered them to be those of her lover. He had now plundered the body of all but a very beautiful ring, when in his impatience to get it, he cut off the finger with his sword, but with such violence, that it flew to some distance very near the spot where the maiden was concealed. Fortunately, however, he did not stay to search for it, but having heard a signal from without, hurried away to rejoin his comrades. For some minutes the maiden stood rooted to the spot with horror at what she had thus witnessed, and dread for her own fate; at length, hearing no noise whatever, she ventured from her hiding place, and soon after stole out of the cavern, having first picked up the finger that had been cut off, and succeeded in finding her way home, where she found her father awaiting her return in the greatest anxiety. She excused herself by saying that she had wandered much farther than she intended, but mentioned not a word of the cavern, or the scene she had witnessed there.

On the following day the bridegroom arrived at the castle, attended by several companions, all splendidly attired, and the lady welcomed him as befitting one who was to be her future lord. As they afterwards sat at the festal board, and the goblet passed round, each guest recited some legend or wondrous tale. At length it came to the lady's turn to be narrator; whereupon she began to relate the adventure of a damsel, who, having lost herself in a forest, took shelter within a cave that was used by banditti for the purpose of concealing their booty. The bridegroom listened with the utmost anxiety.—“Within this cave,” continued the lady, “were many fair chambers, one of which was filled with heaps of gold and silver; in another were hands and legs, and other remains of dead bodies.” The bridegroom could scarcely conceal his agitation; yet seemed to lend an ear of unconcerned attention to the story, which proceeded to state how the damsel was surprised by the return of the robbers; how she concealed herself, and the shocking scene she beheld. “Ha! a pleasant tale truly,” exclaimed he, when the lady had finished; “yet methinks better for an old crone's fireside, than a banquet like ours.”—“I have reason to believe, however,” returned the lady, “that it is not a mere

gossip's legend, but a fact.” “A fact!” exclaimed several of the guests. “Yes: one does not care to vouch for the truth of stories of the kind in general, but I am inclined to believe this, because—” “Yes, indeed, a very odd circumstance—I happen to have here the very finger and ring that the robber cut off.” What now followed may be easily conjectured. He who had entered the castle as a welcome guest, was detained along with his comrades as a prisoner, and shortly after delivered up to the arm of justice. As for the lady, she thanked Heaven for having rescued her in the first place from imminent peril, and in the next from a union with a guilty assassin.

CAMBRIAN WORTHIES.

Caer Ludd, Dec. 20, 1834.

SIR,—I know not how to account for it, yet it seems to me that there are certain places which biographers have an aversion to allow being distinguished by the birth of any celebrated character—an unassuming and almost forgotten Cambria has most particularly to complain in this case. Whether it is that the natives are divested of that selfishness which induces so many in every corner to proclaim their country: or whether it is the selfishness of biographers—I shall not now inquire. But it is most certain that many *Welshmen*, eminent for their respective services, have been disposed of by their residents among the different counties and towns of England, it is singular that so few celebrated *Cambrians* should have justice done them in giving their birth place.

I was particularly struck on looking over some notices of dramatic characters to find *Mrs. Siddons* set down as born in *Lancashire*. I think by referring to some former *Numbers of the Mirror*, her brother, *Kemble*, is said, likewise, to have been born there—the fact is very different; both *Kemble* and *Siddons* were born in the town of *Brecknock* in *South Wales*, a place that is said also to have given birth to the celebrated *Cooks*; as these are facts that can be easily proved, I was surprised to find the question agitated. In a notice of the late worthy Lord Mayor, *Waithman*, I find him to my surprise transformed into a *Lancashire* man; he is, however, a *Denbighshire* *Welshman*. I have taken the trouble to correct the following names which I find in different biographical notices to have been born in *London* or other parts of *England* :—

Inigo Jones, Architect, born at *Llanrwst* in *Denbighshire*, *North Wales*.

Jones, the mathematician, born in Anglesea, father to the great Sir William Jones.

Sir William Jones, is disputed whether or not he was born in London or Anglesey, as his father lived sometimes in either place; his parents, were however, both Welsh, and he himself spoke the Welsh language.

Baxter, the celebrated divine, could not speak a word of any language but Welsh until after he was twenty-two years of age.

Tindal, the historian, was a Welshman.

Stevens, the commentator of Shakespeare, was a Welshman, as was also *Gilbert Cooper*.

John Owen, the Latin Epigrammatic Poet, called *Audeonius*.

Hugh Broughton, and *Hugh Holland*, the antiquaries, were Welshmen.

Hewel, the historian, was a Welshman.

Dyer, the poet, a Caermarthenshire man.

Mrs. Pritchard, the celebrated actress, a Welshwoman.

Wilson, the painter, a Montgomeryshire man. This worthy I found by one, noticed as a Scotchman.

Maurice, the Indian antiquary, an Anglesey man.

Gen. Sir Thomas Picton, killed at Waterloo, was a South Welshman.

These are but a few of the names which I have at different times observed incorrectly recorded as far as the birth-place was concerned. There is one, however, which I should be happy could it be said, with truth, that he was no Welshman. I allude to the infamous Judge Jefferies, of James the Second's days: he was a North Welshman, and of a noble family. I have only to observe that, it is unjust to deprive any nation of the credit which may be due from her productions of merit, and the more so in so small a nation as the Welsh.

Guthrie has, however, said that Wales in proportion to its size, produces more learned men than any other country; and ere I close, I must beg to remind you, that one of the greatest ornaments to the literary world that existed in the last century, was Pennant, the author of numberless valuable works, and among the rest, his celebrated History of London; he was a Flintshire Welshman.

GWILYM SAIR.

. We refer our intelligent correspondent to an excellent work, just published, entitled the "Cambrian Plutarch," by J. H. Parry, which contains the lives of several illustrious Welshmen.—Ed.

SUPPOSED ERROR IN THE ALMANACKS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—For the information of your correspondent *A. H. D. Pasche*, as well as those of your readers who may be unacquainted with the method of computing time used by astronomers, I beg leave to forward you the following explanation relative to the fixing of the Paschal Feast for Sunday the 3rd of April, the day of the full moon, in which I hope the *glaring error* will be perfectly elucidated, and Francis Moore still retain his credit for being correct, whether "a day before or a day after."

In common language, a day is the interval of time which elapses from the rising to the setting of the sun; and night, the time he continues below the horizon. This is called the *artificial day*, and is of various lengths, according to the season of the year; thus we have the longest day of about 18 hours, and the shortest about 8 hours. But the *natural day* always consists of 24 hours, and embraces the whole interval which passes during a complete revolution of the sun. The natural day may be either *astronomical* or *civil*. The astronomical or solar day begins at noon, because the increase and decrease of days terminated by the horizon are very unequal among themselves; which inequality is likewise augmented by the inconstancy of the horizontal refractions. The astronomer, therefore, takes the meridian for the limit of diurnal revolutions; reckoning noon, that is, the instant when the sun's centre is on the meridian, for the *beginning* of the day, and which day continues till the next succeeding noon. It is divided into 24 hours, reckoning in a numerical succession from 1 to 24; the first twelve are sometimes distinguished by the mark P.M. signifying post meridian, or afternoon; and the latter twelve, A.M. ante meridian, or before noon. But astronomers generally reckon through the 24 hours from noon to noon; and what are by the civil or common way of reckoning called morning hours, are by them reckoned in the succession from 12, or midnight, to 24 hours; thus, 6 o'clock in the morning of April 3rd, is by astronomers called April 2nd at 18 hours, their 3rd of April not commencing till 6 hours after. Computing, therefore, astronomically, (which is always done in the formation of Almanacks,) the Paschal full moon happens at the 18th hour of the 2nd of April; and as Easter day is always fixed on the succeeding Sunday, it follows in course that the next day, the 3rd of April,

being Sunday, must be Easter day. When the Paschal full moon happens on Sunday, it must be after noon to affect Easter, so as to make it a week later. The earliest Easter possible is the 22nd of March, the latest, the 25th of April: it may not be irrelevant to observe, that the 3rd of April was the day on which our Saviour was crucified. The foregoing explanation, it is hoped, will be sufficient to convince any one of the correctness of the almanacks in fixing Easter day. The Nycthemeron, or civil day, is divided into 24 parts, called hours, which are two sorts, equal and unequal, or temporary. Different nations begin the day at a different hour: thus the Egyptians began their day at midnight; from whom Hippocrates introduced that way of reckoning into astronomy, and Copernicus and others have followed him; but the greatest part of astronomers reckon the day begun at noon, as before named, and so count 24 hours till the next noon, and not twice 12, according to the vulgar computation. The method of beginning the day at midnight prevails also in Great Britain, France, Spain, and most parts of Europe. The Babylonians began their day at sun-rising, reckoning the hour immediately before its rising again, the 24th hour of the day; from whence the hours reckoned in this way are called the Babylonian. In several parts of Germany they begin their day at sun-setting, and reckon on till it sets next day, calling that the 24th hour: these are generally termed Italian hours. The Jews also began their day at sun-setting; but then they divided it into twice 12 as we do, reckoning 12 for the day, be it long or short, and 12 for the night; so that their hours continually varying with the day and night, the hours of the day were longer than those of the night for one half year, and the contrary the other; from whence their hours are called temporary: those at the time of the equinoxes became equal, because then the day and night are so. The Romans also reckoned their hours after this manner, as do the Turks at this day. This kind of hours is called planetary, because the planets were anciently looked upon as presiding over the affairs of the world, and to take it by turns, each of these hours, according to the following order:—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, the Sun, Venus, Mercury, and the Moon; hence they named each day of the week from that planet whose turn it was to preside the first hour. Thus assigning the first hour of Saturday to Saturn, the second will fall to Jupiter, the third to Mars, &c., and the 22nd will fall to Saturn again, and the last to Mars; so on the first hour

of the next day it will fall to the Sun to preside; and by the same reckoning it will next fall to the Moon, then to Mars, next to Mercury, Jupiter, and Venus; hence the days of the week came to be distinguished by the Latin names of *Dies Saturni, Solis, Luna, Martis, Mercurii, Jovis, and Veneris*; and among us from the Saxon deities, *Tuesco, Woden, Thor, Friga, Seater*, and the Sun and Moon, came Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c. &c.

CLAVIS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—If your correspondent A. H. D. Pasche will consult the tables for finding Easter in the "Book of Common Prayer," he will there learn that that festival is regulated by the Paschal full moon, which will be on the 2nd of April in the next year; consequently Easter Sunday will fall on the 3rd of that month.

I am, Sir, &c.

A CONSTANT READER.

Chelsea, Dec. 21, 1824.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In your interesting and valuable periodical publication of last week, your correspondent A. H. D. Pasche, has very justly called the attention of the public to an error in the Almanacks for the ensuing year,—with regard to the time appointed for the celebration of the Easter Festival. It may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, to have further information upon that point:—

"It was ordered by the old law, to celebrate the Passover the very day of the full moon of the vernal equinox.—The Synagogue constantly observed this precept; and the first converted Jews conformed to the same observance. Consequently the Christians celebrated Easter when the Jews eat their Paschal Lamb, on whatever day of the week fell the full moon. But as their object was very different, so the generality of the Christians put off the celebration of Easter to the Sunday following.

"Afterwards, the Council of Nice, convened by Emperor Constantine, A. D. 325, decreed—

"1st. That the feast of Easter should be always celebrated on Sunday.

"2dly. That this Sunday should always be that which immediately followed the 14th day of the moon of the first month; but if this 14th day fall on Sunday, the feast of Easter was put off till the Sunday following, to avoid celebrating it the same time with the Jews.

"Srdly. That the month counted *first* by the Council was that on which the 14th day of the moon either exactly corresponded with the vernal equinox, or the very next after the equinox."—See *Moir's Inquiry into the most curious and interesting Subjects of History and Antiquity, &c.*

I remain, Sir, your's, &c.

J. McCLARY.

Dec. 19, 1824.

THE DRAGON OF WANTLY.

The following is the Ballad of "More, of More-Hall; or, the Dragon of Wantly," on which the Fantomime at Covent Garden Theatre is founded.

OLD stories tell how Hercules,

A Dragon slew at Lorna,
With seven heads and fourteen eyes
To see and well discern a:

But he had a club this Dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done't, I warrant ye!
But More, of More-Hall, with nothing at all
He slew the Dragon of Wantly.

This Dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tail as long as a nail,
Which made him bolder and bolder.

He had long claws, and in his jaws,
Four and forty teeth of iron:
With a hide as tough as any bull,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard of the Trojan horse,
With seventy men in his belly?
This Dragon was not quite so big,
But very near. I'll tell ye.

Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this Dragon did eat,
Some say he eat up trees,
And the forest sure he would
Devour by degrees.

For houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:

He eat all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, which he could not crack,
Which on the Mills you'll find.

Some say this Dragon was a witch,
Some say he was a devil;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring:
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick,
cut, and huff,
Call son of a ———, do any kind of thing.

By the tail and the mane, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse 'till he was dead:
And when a stranger, he for very anger,
Kut him up all but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat;
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise.

O save us all! More, of More-Hall!
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this Dragon, who won't leave us a
rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods.

Tut, tut, quoth he, no goods I want,
But I want—I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk,
And smiles about the mouth.

Hair black as a sloe, and a skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning;
To 'mout me o'er night, o'er I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning.

This being done, he did engage
To hew this Dragon down;
But first he went new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town.

With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong;
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you seen him in his dress,
How fierce he look'd, and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian Furcupig.

He frightened all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog;
For fear they did see, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see the sight, all people then,
Got upon trees and houses;
On chimneys some, and chimnies too;
But they put on their trousers.

Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he arose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank; by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua vite.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excel;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well;

Where he did think this Dragon would drink;
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cried bo! t
And hit him on the mouth.

Two days and a night with this Dragon did fight,
Our champion on the ground;
Tho' their strength it was great, their skill it was
neat,
They never had one wound.

Then the Dragon he shak'd, tramp'd, and quak'd
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So grow'd, kick'd, roar'd, and died.

A NEW YEAR'S ODE FOR 1825.

(For the Mirror.)

His annual course again the sun,
With father Time has circling run,
Around our mundane sphere;

And, to the general system true,
Prepares to track his course anew
And bring another year.

But o'er his parting beams dispel,
And bid the closing year farewell,
Let each the past survey;
And, how his duty has been done?
What vices he has aim'd to shun?
Within his bosom weigh.

Whither his purposes extend?
What moral good will crown their end,
To bring applauding fame:
Or are they but an empty space
Devoid of use?—or, will disgrace
Impugn their actor's name?

Has he by fraud or pow'r oppress?
Does lurking malice swell his breast,
Or envy rankle near?
If these exist (ignoble stain!)
Let them no longer place retain,
To shame another year.

Has he done all the good he can
To assist his fellow being man,
Without a proud display;
No real benevolence proceeds
From such as blazon forth their deeds
And court the eye of day.

Does no remorse his bosom move,
In nature's dearest ties of love,
As husband, son, or brother?
Has he been faithful to his trust
As man to man, sincere and just,
Should act towards each other?

Enough—the list we need not swell,
If conscience say to these, *'tis well*
We need betray no fear,
To think that this may prove our last;
But, rather, grateful for the past,
Await the opening year.

But, oh! perchance a sad reverse
Conviction bids the mind rehearse,
And poor excuse supplies;
Let us not then an hour delay,
But reformation date to-day,
For, Time how quickly flies!

Many who bask in fortune's smiles,
(Deluded had his heart beguiles)
And hope for years to thrive;
May find the fatter'ing scene no more,
They fondly dreamt in *Twenty-four*,
Attend on *Twenty-five*.

JACOBUS.

BOAR'S HEAD, HORNBURCH.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

A CORRESPONDENT in a late Number of the MIRROR, wishes to be informed respecting the custom of carrying a Boar's Head through the streets of Hornchurch, Essex. Morant, in his "History and Antiquities of the County of Essex," vol. 1. p. 74, (in a note) says, "The inhabitants pay the great tithes on Christmas day, and are treated with a

bull and arawn. The boar's head is wrestled for: the poor have the scraps."
P. T. W.

SONNETS.

(For the Mirror.)

Look not for fruit of that destroyed tree
Which to the Muses I did dedicate!
Its leaves were early, but its blossoms late,
And green and fair they were as both might be,
Hope sunny-smiling, linger'd there so see
It bud and bloom; but hidden worms did eat
Its inmost heart; cold tears of misery
Watered its root; and lightning blasts of fate
Shattered its trunk:—then never more expect
Blossom, or fruit, or glitt'ring gathering;
For it must pine and wither in neglect,
Like a dead thing amid the life of spring,
And, gradual, perish where unseen it stands—
A palm, sirocco-struck, tomb'd by the desert's
sands.

HYPOCHONDRIACUS.

II.

WRITTEN IN A THEATRE IN AUTUMN.

On for the quiet of the green high hills,
Broken by storms, (which make it more intense
When they have passed in dread magnificence);
Or by the gusty wind that sadly shrills
Through their woods, or by the voice of rills
Running to some deep river, not far thence
Making dim murmur as its channel fills;
Or vales, where violets their sweets dispense
To hungry bees, storing their frequent sips;
And the loud lark to listening cherubim
(Though we of earth may hear) sings his high
hymn;
And the full thrush among the hawthorn-hips
Prisons dumb wonder in some syrian spot,—
Rather than haunts where sorrow smiles, but
joy is not.

LIME DUST AND LONDON MODERN HIGH WAYS.

(For the Mirror.)

"Hold—enough!!!
Cry havoc, and let slip the *scavengers*."

Who can now traverse the streets of the metropolis without being besmeared with limestone mud, which, in a few hours of dry weather, is converted into a subtle dust, which is nearly blinding half of his most gracious majesty's liege subjects? The nuisances mentioned by Gay, in his *Trivia*, are *non entities* compared with M'Adam mud and dust.

"Off in the mingling press

The barber's apron soils the noble dress:
Shun the perfumer's touch with cautious eye,
Nor let the baker's step advance too high.
Ye walkers! too, that youthful colours wear,
Three sullying trades avoid with equal care.
The little chimney-sweeper skulks along,
And mark, with sooty stains the heedless throng:
When small coal mummings in the boar's throat,
From smutty dangers guard thy threaten'd coat.
The dustman's cart offends thy clothes and eyes,
When thro' the street a cloud of ashes flies."

Gay's *Trivia*, line 27, &c.

The present flying mud beats out of the field the barbers, chimney-sweepers, and dusty bobs—and many a dandy is now sighing for a return of the old granite pavement, which, after a shower of rain, is soon cleansed and dried; but now, the dust and mud in quick succession rise

"Swift as on wings of wind upborne they fly,
And drifts of rising dust involve the sky."

Pope's Odyssey.

The Romans, (says a modern writer,) of all people, took the most pains in their roads; the labour and expense they were at to render them spacious, straight, smooth, and agreeable, to the very extremities of their empire, are incredible; they strengthened the ground by ramming it; laying it with flints, pebbles, or sand; sometimes by a lining of masonry, rubbish, bricks, potsherds, bound together with mortar. In some places in the Lyonnais have been found clusters of flints cemented with lime, reaching ten or twelve feet deep, and making a mass as hard and compact as marble itself; and which, after resisting the injuries of time for 1,600 years, is still scarcely penetrable by all the force of hammers, mattocks, &c. and yet the flints it consists of are not bigger than eggs. Sometimes they even paved their roads, regularly, with large square free-stones: such are the Appian and Flaminian ways. The roads paved of very hard stones, they usually called *via ferrea*, either because they resembled iron, or because they resisted the iron of the horses feet, chariots, &c. It is supposed that most of all the old roads of England (the remains of the Roman ways excepted,) owe their present lines to fortuitous circumstances; many of them being originally foot-paths; the tracts of the aboriginal inhabitants, the patriarchal savages who lived by hunting.

P. T. W.

HOURS OF MEALS NOW AND FORMERLY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE stately dames of Edward 4th's court rose with the lark, dispatched their dinner at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and shortly after eight were wrapped in slumber. How would these reasonable people (reasonable, at least, in this respect) be astonished, could they but be witnesses of the present distribution of time amongst children of fashion!—What a contrast, then, is between the materials of the morning meal, A. D. 1550, when Queen Elizabeth's maids of honour began the day with a round of beef, or a red herring, and a flagon of ale, and in 1824, when the sportsman, and

even the day-labourer, breakfast on what cooks call "Chinese soup," i. e. tea. Swift has jocosely observed, that *the world must be encompassed before a washer-woman can sit down to breakfast*, i. e. by a voyage to the east for tea, and to the west for sugar. In the Northumberland Household-book for 1612, we are informed, that "a thousand pounds was the sum annually expended in house-keeping. This maintained 166 persons; and the wheat was then 8s. 8d. per quarter. The family rose at six in the morning; my lord and my lady had set on the table for breakfast, at seven o'clock in the morning—

A quart of beer,
A quart of wine,
Two pieces of salt fish,
Half-a-dozen red-herrings,
Four white ones, and
A dish of sprats!

They dined at ten, supped at four in the afternoon; the gates were all shut at nine, and no further ingress or egress permitted." But now,

"The gentleman who dines the latest,
Is, in our street, esteemed the greatest;
But surely, greater than them all
Is he who never dines at all."

T. A.—N. O.

OLD TIMES.

"In the time of Edward I. and II., they set beans by the hand, and leased the seed wheat from the ear itself.

"*Prices of Articles in the time of Edward I., &c.*—Wheat, per qr., 2s., 2s. 4d., 3s., 4s., 5s.; mealyn (wheat and rye mixed), per qr., 2s., 2s. 4d., 3s., 4s.; barley, per qr., 20d., 2s. 8d., 3s., 3s. 4d., 4s.; oats, per qr., 20d. 2s., 2s. 4d.; pill corn, from the mill, per qr., 2s., or 3s. 8d.; an ox, 10s., 11s., 12s.; cow and calf, 9s., 10s.; bacon hog, 5s., 5s. 6d.; fat pork, 2s., 2s. 2d.; fat sheep, 17d., 18d., 20d., 2s.; lamb, 10d. or 12d.; goose, 3d.; capon, 2d.; a hen, 1½d.; a duck, 1d.; four pigeons, 1d.; twenty eggs, 1d.

"15th Edward II.—Wheat, per qr., 4s.; malt, ditto, 3s.; barley, ditto, 3s.; beans, ditto, 3s.; oats, ditto, 2s.; fitches, 20d.; malt, of wheat 6s., of barley 4s., of oats 2s. 2d.; apples, quarter of, 10d.

"19th Edward II.—A sturgeon, 26s. 8d.; an ox, 20s.; an ox hide, 3s. 6d.; cow and calf, 12s., 13s., 15s.; sheep, between 17d. and 2s.; sheep skin, according to growth, 4d., 5d., 6d.; lamb, 12d.; goat skin, 4d.; goose, 3d.; duck, 1½d. The rent as before. Wages of a day-labourer, 3s. 4d.; a yeoman's

board-wages, by the day, 1½d.; a groom or pages, 1l.

Letter end of Edward III.—Wheat, per quarter, 6s. 4d. to 10s.; barley, 4s. to 6s. 4d.; beans, 4s.; oats, 2s. 8d. to 3s. 4d.; bay salt, per qr., 18d.; an ore, 14s. to 24s.; sows and sixe piggs, 6s.; pigeons, per dozen, 3d. 4d.

"In the reign of Richard II., for twenty-two years of his reign, the prices of grain, cattle, and poultry, were rather cheaper than dearer; but the difference in effect that was, was in the temperance and season of the years. A weight of wool, being 21 pound, called pondus, 6s., a sack of wool, 6s. 8d.; onyons, a bushell, 8d.; eggs, twenty for a penny, which neither rose nor fell for 100 years.

"And at this day, wherein I write, A. D. 1622, the common prices of the like commodities are generally thus:—Wheat, per qr., 36s.; maltyn, ditto, 26s. 8d.; barley malt, 24s.; beans 20s.; a draught ox, 5l.; a cow and calfe, 3l. 10s.; sheepe, 6s. eggs, five for 1d.

"And for horses, in those active old ages of the three Edwards and Richard II. the Lord Berkeleys have paid for horses of service in the wars, and for saddle and draught, as dare as now in our dayes, 100*l.*, 100*l.* markes, 50*l.*, 30*l.*, 20*l.*, 10*l.*, 20 nobles, &c."

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

THE ETERNAL FIRE AT BAKU.

THIS fire is in the peninsula of Apacheron, twenty versts from Baku, and is justly called one of the wonders of southern Russia. I have visited this spot: it is a burning desert, from the surface of which subterraneous flames here and there issue, which are occasioned by the exhalations of the naphtha. Though this fire may not be eternal, yet it is extremely old, for there are traditions of the origin of similar phenomena* in other parts; for instance, in the Ural, on the river Maxegischlack, in the village of Sulp-Aul (v. Pallas), and that which I have seen in Wallachia, on the little river Slainka, near the village of Lapatar, on Mount

* They originated at no very distant period, by the lightning having rent the upper hard layer of the mountain, which made an issue for the inflammable vapour, and at the same time caused the flames to arise.

Klaschina. But the origin of the fire in the neighbourhood of Baku is buried in the obscurity of the remotest antiquity.

The first appearance of this fire, in an age when the phenomena of nature were so little known and explored, might appear supernatural. It is well known that Media was the seat of Zoroaster's doctrine, and of the introduction of those mysterious receptacles of the eternal fire which the Mahometans every where destroyed. Only the miraculous flame of Baku arrested the blind fury of the Mahometans. The temple consecrated to fire is still preserved by the remnant of the ancient Parsees, or fire-worshippers, who, though scattered over the immense tracts of Persia and India, come hither to perform the prayers imposed on them by their vows. This temple, however, is no beautiful specimen of architecture, but a simple stone square, in the centre of which stands the altar, from which issues the eternal fire. The flat roof is supported on four columns, from which a constant fire, conducted by tubes, likewise ascends. On the roof, above the altar, is a little belfry.

On dark nights this temple is deserted even at a great distance, and is the more interesting and majestic in the eyes of the traveller, as the brilliant flame does not resemble Vulcan's destructive fire, but is like some mysterious phenomena, awakening sublime recollections of antiquity.

Within the wall which surrounds the temple, there are some stone houses, and a small garden, the residences of eight Parsee monks.† During the time of worship, they strike the bell once, generally on their entrance into the temple, and then prostrate themselves before the altar. After remaining for a pretty considerable time in this position, they rise, strike the bell once more, and then finish their prayers. They give the fire the firstlings of every sort of food. They eat no meat, and live entirely on vegetables. Their particular affection to animals is probably the cause of it. The guardians of the holy fire keep a great number of dogs, whom they treat as friends and companions.

It is evident that they prefer their religion to all others, and consider themselves as purer than other men, because they are favoured with the purest notions of the divinity. In conversing with persons

† The Europeans call them, as well as all other fire-worshippers, Guebres, which seems to be a corruption of the word Giar, by which they designate to all those who profess a different religion. They call the Russians Sare Giar, or Sare Guebr, i. e. light brown idolaters, probably because they observe fewer persons with black hair among them than among the people of Asia.

of a different religion, they protect themselves by certain prayers, which they repeat in an under-voice. They seemed much displeased when my companions were going to dress their dinner at the same fire as theirs. To satisfy them, I had the kettle removed to another part. When they carried water near us, they always cried out, brama, brama, brama, doubtless to counteract our influence upon it. Perhaps they have a particular respect for water; at least, in remote antiquity, it was considered, by many of the followers of Zoroaster, as a divinity.

The atmosphere in the temple and in the surrounding court-yard is very warm, on which account the monks wear a very light clothing.

It is reported that the monks in former times frequently made singular vows: for instance, to remain for several years in a constrained attitude, with their arms raised, or holding up one foot, &c. This, indeed, has ceased; but they still endeavour, as they used to do, to prevent the women from approaching the sacred fire; probably that their presence may not divert their attention.

In every thing that surrounds them, these monks are very neat and cleanly. They have no superfluity, but poverty is unknown among them. Their cells are likewise lighted by the subterranean fire, which is easily extinguished by covering the vent through which the gas issues. The verdure of the garden, as well as the country, and of the temple, and the delightful shades of the trees, afford these hermits a refreshing coolness. If superstition finds in the evanescent plain an object of adoration, no inconsiderable advantage is derived from the naphtha which is so common here and in the neighbourhood, and yields to the crown an annual revenue of two hundred thousand rubles.

Cabinet of Foreign Voyages and Travels.

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE IRISH.

THE priest is often called in to perform a sort of exorcism on those whose disorders are supposed to arise from spiritual agency; and, with respect to such possession, our people entertain very wild and wonderful notions.—They have an idea of seeing what they call their “fetch,” some aerial being or other, who appears to give them warning of their approaching death. Such an apparition, you may readily conceive, often precedes an attack of illness, of which, however it may happily prove to have been the worst symptom. I remember hearing a story of this kind from a poor man, whose son, while

working in the field, “conceited” that he beheld some indescribable being, who called to him, and, taking up a little stone, threw it at his head. The boy set off instantly, ran home without stopping, and “took sick from that hour.” Whatever was the cause of the boy’s complaint, I had the satisfaction of knowing that a simple dose of medicine had effected his cure.

One of the most deplorable of these superstitious fancies is their credulity with respect to the “Gospels,” as they are called, which they wear suspended round the neck as a charm against danger and disease. These are prepared by the priest, and sold by them at the price of two or three ten-pennies. It is considered sacrilege in the purchaser to part with them at any time; and it is moreover believed that the charm proves of no efficacy to any but the individual for whose particular benefit the priest has blessed it. One of them I have been shown as a rarity, which seldom, indeed, finds its way into heretical hands. I will describe, as minutely as possible, both its form and contents: it was a small cloth bag, marked on one side with the letters I. H. S., enclosing a written scrap of dirty paper, of which the following is an exact copy, orthographical errors not excepted:—

“In the name of God Amen: When our Saviour saw the cross whereon He was To Be Crucified his body trembled and shook, the Jews asked if he had the Faver or the ague he said that he had neither the faver or the ague. Whosoever shall keep these words in mind or in righting shall never have the faver or ague. Be the hearers Blessed. Be the Believers Blessed. Be the name of our Lord god Amen.

“CY. TOOLE.”

On the other side of the paper is written the Lord’s Prayer in as curious a style of spelling; and after it a great number of initial letters, apparently all by the same hand, and probably essential to the charm.

Letters from the Irish Islands.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

INSUBORDINATION OF RO- DERN STOMACHS.

OUR omnivorous ancestors, fearless of bile, and defying indigestion, made every thing disappear before them; the contents of their stomachs were dreadnoughts, they had nothing to do but enact the words of the song, which we can only quote, and “masticate, denticate, chump, grind, and

swallow," while victuals could be found, and jaws would wag. How have we fallen off from the sprightly appetite and royal viscera of the Emperor Clodius Albinus, who would swallow, for his breakfast, 500 figs, 100 peaches, 10 melons, 20 pounds weight of grapes, 100 gnat-snappers, and 400 oysters—a meal which moveth Lipinus irreverently to ejaculate, "Eie upon him; God keep such a curse from the earth!" Our Danish sovereign Hardiknute was so indiscriminate a gourmandiser, that he was called by an historian Bocca di Porco, or swine's mouth; and our records are by no means deficient in instances of men to whom a similar compliment might justly be applied. But we pigmy-bowelled performers of the present day are asqueamish and qualmy race, living in perpetual terror of the tyrant Bile, and in subjection to the night-mare Indigestion;—poring over Peptic Precepts, Cook's Oracles, Accum's Poison in the pot, and Phillip's Treatise on the Stomach, and yet after all unable to bring that eternal focus of revolt and disorder, that Ireland of our bodily system, into the peaceful performance of its peristaltic duties. Stomach-dolts for stomach-aches are by no means lacking; salomel we gulp in all its manifold modifications; and pills, of all calibres and constructions, like so many balls and bullets, do we fire in successive volleys against our mutinous viscera, but all in vain. They "bear a charmed life;" the curse of the serpent is upon us, and all our miseries are condemned to go upon the stomach. Sir John Barclaycorn, the liege lord of our sturdy progenitors, is proscribed and excommunicated by our modern and anti-bilious doctors; one forbids solids, another liquids; fish, flesh, and fowl, are alternately under ban and prohibition; this sends us to Cheltenham, that to Harrogate, a third to Tunbridge; we pay all and obey all, and finally all return as bilious, blue-pillish, and blue-devillish as ever, while the birds and beasts that surround us are most provokingly gormandising without the smallest necessity for calling in Abernethy, or consulting Wilson Phillip. Ostriches, since that celebrated one of old who swallowed the key of the cellar, continue their ferruginous propensities with impunity; fowls, for the purpose of triturating their food, swallow and digest small flints, which Mr. Macadam should look to, if, as it is rumoured, his pounding process is to be introduced in the Poultry; and Cormorants will swallow half a dozen times their own weight in a day without the aid of Lady de Crespigny's dinner-pills. It

is really too much that we should be at the same moment half choked with bile, and ready to burst with envy.

New Monthly Magazine.

FAREWELL TO TWENTY-FOUR.

FARE thee well, then Twenty-four,
The latest of thy days are come!
Fare water in the china pear,
And add the golden rum,
Nor wanting be the fragrant lime,
Nor snow-white lumps of sugar clear,
So, as we triumph over Time,
We'll hail the coming year.

Yet, where are they, the loved the lost—
Oh, where are they, the young—the glad?
On life's rude ocean tempest tost,
Or in the church-yard bed.
Closed are the eyes which sparkled bright,
The hearts are still'd in silence drear,
That might have throbb'd with ours to-night,
To hail the coming year!

Alas—alas! why should we mourn
O'er mellow pleasures which have been,
Could sorrowing make the past return,
Or bring the vanish'd scene—
Could sighs restore whom we deplore,
The foreign-far should now be here,
And voices join with thine, and mine,
To hail the coming year!

Then far from us scowl sullen care—
And, as you stars more brilliant seem,
When frost is in the moonless air,
And ice upon the stream;
So, let us cope, in buoyant hope,
Yea, brave all ills with dauntless cheer,
And trust to meet in friendship sweet,
For many a coming year!

Blackwood's Magazine.

CROSS READINGS.

J. WARD was brought up by F. Worthington, charged with stealing from his fob—500 barrels of the best spermaceti oil.

Wants a situation to attend on an elderly lady—a clever, well-bred tilbury horse, the property of a gentleman.

A squadron of ships is preparing at Chatham to rendezvous—at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.

The Anne, of 500 tons burden, has just arrived, laden with—two ounces of Huxham's improved tincture of Peruvian bark.

On Sunday a lady dropt a reticule in Cheapside, containing—350 acres of fine arable land and a farm-house.

To be sold, a large statutory marble chimney-piece—of respectable connections, and without incumbrance.

BIBLIOPOLÓPHILOI.

Useful Domestic Hints.

FISH TABLE.

The following table shows the months in which the under-mentioned fish are in or out of season :—

	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Bret	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in
Brit	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Cod	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in	in
Cole Fish	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in
Cockles	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in
Crabs	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in	in
Dabs	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Flounders	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Gunels	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Haddock	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Herrings	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Lobsters	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in	in	in
Ling	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in
Mackerel	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Muscles	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	in	in	in	in
Oysters	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in
Plaice	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in
Salmon	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	in	in
Soles	out	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out
Shrimps	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in	out	in
Sturgeon	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Skate	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	in	in
Sprats	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	in
Seal Smelts	out	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	out	out
Thornback	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Turbot	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out	out	out
Whiting	in	in	in	out	out	out	out	out	out	in	in	in
Conger Eel	out	out	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	in	out	out

HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

As persons are continually alarmed at the approach of every strange dog, the following observations, founded on experience, may prove of service in knowing what dogs to avoid:—

1. I have seen many mad dogs, but never knew one in that state to *curl* its tail. This is a certain indication of not being mad.

2. If you see a dog *dirty at the mouth*, coming at a trot, with its head high, and a drooping tail, avoid him as a viper. Or if you see one sitting sickly and dirty at the mouth, avoid him, though it is not likely he will snap at you in that period of the disease.

3. I never met a mad dog, on being pursued, (if his pursuers were not in actual reach to stone him, &c.) to exhibit any signs of fear. He generally goes, if not impeded, in a straight line against the wind, at a brisk trot, wholly unconcerned at the shouts of the multitude pursuing him, and never squats his tail.

4. I never knew a dog that was not mad, on being pursued and shouted after by a number of people, not to exhibit every symptom of terror—squatting his tail, turning his head, and scampering in every direction.

T. A.—N. C.

PREVENTIVES OF HYDROPHOBIA.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR ASTLEY COOPER, in allusion to this subject in one of his lectures says, "The best mode that can be adopted is, immediately after the part has been bitten, to cut it out; you should first ascertain to what depth the teeth have entered, by means of a probe; and then take care to excise a sufficient quantity, and leave no parts of the injured integument cellular membrane, or muscle remaining. If persons should object to the use of the knife—foolishly object to have the poisonous part cut away, I advise you, in such cases, to let sink into the wound a small piece of the potassa fusa; this will readily dissolve and become liquid, its cauterizing influence will be communicated to each pore of the wound, and thus destroy the influence of the poison; the best plan decidedly is the immediate excision of the part, and when it has been done exactly after the injury, it has, I believe, in every instance been successful in preventing the disease: if this practice should be opposed, the next best plan is the employment of the

potassa fusa. I am speaking of these means, you will observe, as preventives, and as for medical remedies, when the symptoms of hydrophobia have once appeared, I am not acquainted with any. Every medicine, I believe, has been tried over and over again, and all have been found alike ineffectual; the only thing in the way of medicine, that I think calculated to do good, is that which has been adopted lately in France, viz. injection of warm water into the veins. To make the employment of the remedy safe, however, and to prevent pressure of the brain, the same quantity of blood should be previously abstracted, as it is intended there should be water injected: with this precaution I think the remedy a very proper and feasible one. I would here remark that the blood need not be abstracted before the injection of the water, but may be let flow from one vein, while the water is thrown in at another, and this probably would be the better plan."

HOW THOSE WHO CANNOT SWIM MAY FLOAT IF THEY FALL INTO WATER.

MR. W. M. NICHOLSON has published some very good directions for this object, the chief of which are, "That when a person falls into water who has not learned to swim, he should carefully avoid raising his hands above the water, and then by moving them under water, in any manner he chooses, his head will rise high enough to enable him to breathe freely; if he moves his legs, as in the action of walking up stairs, more of his body will rise above the water, which will allow him to use less exertion with his hands." To which may be added, that by throwing back the head and shoulders so as to thrust out the chest to its greatest extent, and keeping it in that position, the volume of air contained in the lungs, will be so much increased, as to add very considerably to the buoyance of the upper part of the body; this alone would enable some people to float without using any motion of their limbs.

IMPRESSIONS OF MEDALS.

MAKE a very clear and distinct impression of your medal in black sealing-wax, and while warm, clip the superfluous wax neatly off from the edge; mix a little vermilion with common gum-water, and lay it on the sealing-wax with an hair-pencil, taking care to fill all the interstices. Then wipe this carefully off with the finger, but so as to leave the indented

parts full of the composition. Then lay a piece of thin post-paper, made quite wet through, upon it, and putting it in a small press, give it a moderate pressure; when taken out, the paper will present a most beautiful and perfect impression of the medal.

BIBLIOPOLOPHILOI.

Miscellanies.

SINGULAR ADDRESSES OF LETTERS.

THE following is the literal direction of a letter, which passed through the post-office of Cambridge, a short time since:—

"To my best of friends, my chum, My-all,
(But should any one where he lives inquire,
With his father, A My-all, Esquire:)
So I pray you Mr. What-d'ye-call,
Go tell him that still in health I am,
And deliver this safe at Hedingham,

Essex."

A BETTER than the above was sent some time back to a Nymph at Edmonton. It ran thus:—

"Fly postman with this letter; run
To Carter, Baker, Edmonton—
To Nancy Carter, there convey it:
This is my charge; with speed obey it."
Remember my blade,
The postage is paid."

J. W. E.

LETTER OF LADY MARY DUNCAN.

THE following is a copy of a letter written by Lady Mary Duncan, the aunt of the hero of Camperdown, to the late Lord Melville, then first Lord of the Admiralty. The writer, though then upwards of eighty years of age, appears to have been feelingly alive to the honour of her family.

"Hampton Court,

"Oct. 18th, 1798.

"SIR,—Though I have not the honour of being personally known to you, can't resist giving you joy of the signal victory. Report says my nephew is to be made a Viscount. Myself is nothing, but the whole nation thinks, the least you can do, is to give him an English Earldom—from the multiplicity of your business, may have alipt what I am now going to lay before your eyes—please to consider what a chicken-hearted way all the nation was in, low-spirited by the war, murmuring at taxes (although necessary), grumbling and dissatisfied in every county—now comes my hero, the first that attempted to quash the rebellious seamen, locks up the

texel for nineteen weeks; when they could no longer remain they come out. He flies after the Dutch, completely beats them, though they resisted like brave men. I know the little etiquette of not raising gentlemen but by degrees, a very proper distinction for those thirteen gentle Lords you made last week. But what has that to do with a conqueror? What a different situation all your miniatures are in at the opening of the parliament—the nation joyful, not a black Democrat dare open his mouth, even our cowardly allies are ashamed to have deserted us, all success under God, owing to my nephew. Lord St. Vincent is a brave man, he merited it, was made an earl. I leave to you the comparison. All my ancestors rose only by their brave actions by sea and land—makes me think it is the only way of rising—I am sure, was this properly represented to our good king, who esteems a brave religious man, like himself, he would be of my opinion; therefore I expect soon to hear of his being made Earl of Lundie, Viscount Texel, and Baron Duncan. The first and last he owes to his ancient family; the Viscount, for his successors to remember the great man who locked up the Dutch in the Texel, and defeated them—don't doubt you are proud, as I am, of being related to Admiral Duncan.—I have the honour to be your most obedient humble servant,

"MARY DUNCAN."

A LADY WHO LIVED MANY YEARS AFTER HER BURIAL.

THE *Causes Celebres* (a collection of French trials) are a mine of interesting histories, which novelists or dramatists may dig for centuries without exhausting. The following anecdote is a member of that family; in a romance it would be despised as frivolous. So true it is, that while in works of fiction we demand probability, the actual life around us is daily teeming with apparent impossibilities.

Two merchants of Paris, united by friendship, had each a child of different sex. The boy and girl early contracted a strong attachment to each other, and flattered their youthful hearts with the hope of a lasting connection. But when they imagined themselves on the eve of completing their union, another candidate for the lady's hand presented himself, a man advanced in years, but possessed of great wealth. The proposals of so affluent a suitor were, as usual, irresistible in the eyes of her parents, who compelled her to accept him. Once married, this excellent girl, with a virtue

which we hope is not uncommon in France, dismissed her former lover for ever from her presence; but to command her mind was not so easy; the pangs of suppressed sorrow agitated her frame; she became the victim of a disorder which finally consigned her to the tomb. When the partner of her heart was apprised of this event, his grief was doubled, since even her widowhood was now snatched from him. Recollecting, however, that in her youth she had been for some time in a leprosy, he hurried to the grave, bribed the sexton's compliance, dug up the body, removed it to a place of security, and finally succeeded, by judicious efforts, in reanimating her cold and pallid form. What a moment for a human being, for a lover, hanging over all that was dear to him in the world! He saw the rose of life slowly bloom into her cheek; gradually, he felt her hand warm beneath his touch. With what astonishment, with what delight, did she open her eyes upon her beloved! She had been torn from existence, and he had restored her to it: in the silence of night, and the obscurity of a mean retreat, she awakened to sensation, to happiness, to him. Her lover urged his pretensions, and not in vain: it was a point for a cavalier; but her inclination removed her doubts. To remain in France might not be safe; they crossed the Channel, and passed six days in England—the exile's home—the resting place of every wanderer.

They both longed to experience a strong desire to visit their native country, and imagined that it might be safely gratified. By a singular misfortune, the lady was soon encountered on a public walk by her former husband, who recognised the wife he had lost in spite of all her efforts to prevent the discovery. He claimed her in a court of justice, but the lover resisted his demand, alleging that his title was forfeited by the burial, and that a new one had been acquired by the person who had rescued her from a premature fate. This plea, however, appeared to have little weight on the opinion of the judges; and, anticipating an unfavourable decision, the luckless pair made a second and eternal farewell to the land of their fathers.—*The Album*, No. 7.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

GAIN OF POWER BY MACHINERY.

It was estimated about six years ago, by three of the most eminent cotton-spinners

In Great Britain, that the quantity of cotton thread produced on an average by each spinner, compared with that which one person could have spun on a single wheel, as was the practice before the inventions of Arkwright and others, was as 120 to one. By improvements since made, this has probably increased to 160 to 1; but taking only the smaller estimate, one person can now produce as much as 120 could have produced prior to these inventions. At present, 280,000 persons are engaged in this country spinning cotton thread, and multiplied by 120, this gives 33,600,000 as the number of spindles who would have been required under the old system to produce as much cotton thread as is now spun in Great Britain. There is one steam-engine at present in Cornwall of 260 horse power, which works day and night; each horse power is estimated as equal to the unassisted labour of six men; and as it would require three sets of men, each set working eight manners, to labour as constantly as this engine, it follows that it does as much work as 4,800 persons.

HOPE

NAV, blessed the hope so soothing and
so sweet.

Of which, if false, we shall not feel the
cheat.

On earth what may its beautiful emblem be—

A beacon shining o'er a stormy sea.

A cooling fountain in a waxy mold

A green spot on a waste and burning sand:—

A rose that o'er a ruin sheds its bloom :—

A sunbeam smiling o'er the cold dark tomb!

LINES

On a young Lady, who died in consequence of a sun-stroke.

In the bright purity of worth

Her spirit passed the ordeal given ;

Like diamond, scorn'd the fires of earth.

But vanished in the beam of heaven.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

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